

## Book and Tract Work.

**WHO READS TRASH.**—A literary New Yorker is reported as having said that it is easy enough to write the great American novel if one would write down to the level of the American girl, adding that she reads trash and only trash. The statement was disproved by appeal to a large book-seller, who said it was not true, that "the tastes of our girls would be a pretty good mark for our novelists." The question then arises, who does read the trash and worse than trash which is published? Who reads the Police Gazette, and other papers of that kind which have such enormous sale? What one among the papers which lie on the tables of the barber-shop is worn completely out before it is two days old? The Police Gazette. Some one might suggest to the New Yorker that he try writing the great American novel by writing down to the level of the American young man.

**A NOVEL ESTIMATE.**—But mark this estimate of the great American novel. The character of the novel matters only so far as that it shall have the greatest number of readers. Greatness is measured by the number of copies which would be sold. If this holds true of other publications, what a distinguished place such as the Police Gazette hold among periodicals! Have we come then to the money and numerical estimate of books as we have of men? Is that book greatest which is most talked about, and which commands the most money? Then are we done with genius, soul, intellect in literature?

**THE HOUSE KEEPER** utters the above. I can answer the question, who reads trash? Boys read trash. A few nights ago I saw two boys much interested in a circular and literature that they were exceedingly careful of. I investigated, obtained them and found the vilest trash one could imagine. Boys read trash; what are you doing to crowd out the vile stuff?

**TALMAGE** relates the following: "A few Sabbath nights ago, a man passing at the foot of the pulpit said to me: 'I am a miner from England,' and then he pushed back his coat sleeve and said: 'Do you see that scar on my arm?' I said yes. You must have had an awful wound there at some time. He said: 'Yes, it nearly cost me my life. I was in a mine in England six hundred feet under ground and three miles from the shaft of the mine, and a rock fell on me, and my fellow-laborer pried off the rock and I was bleeding

to death, and he took a newspaper from around his luncheon and bound it around my wound, and then helped me over the three miles under ground to the shaft where I was lifted to the top, and when the newspaper was taken from my wound, I read on it something that saved my soul and it was one of your sermons. Good-night,' he said as he passed on, leaving me transfixed with grateful emotion."

THERE is a chance to do some mission work. Send him some Golden Baptism, Brother Moomaw's and Gnagey's tracts, send money to Brother Gnagey, he will send the right mixture, and our brother will know how to administer. His name is, J. D. Horner, Dubuque, Kan.

**CANON FARRAR** relates the following: "Once in the Indian meeting a little party of English fugitives were trying to escape from their foes. Starving, surrounded by savage enemies, their one comfort came from a single scrap of printed paper wrapped about some native medicine which had been brought to them. It happened to be a leaf of the book of the Prophet Isaiah, and this is the message which came to these poor sufferers from heathen lands: 'I, even I, am He that comforteth you; who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of man that shall die, and of the son of man, which shall be made as grass; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor?' The one thing that sustained them, the one thing that enabled them to struggle through the rest of those terrible sufferings, were these words on that fragment of paper.

BUT why and notice the question, but why should you depend on such providences, when you can go direct to a thousand minds and hearts for a few dimes?

THERE is one object we should keep in view in scattering literature, viz: Drive out the literature that is having such an influence on the minds of the young, an influence for bad, for evil, for death, and for destruction.

**JOHN REYNOLDS** was caught in a whirlpool of corrupt politics, and thrown into the Kansas "Pen." He published a book describing his experience and told of others whose confessions he received. The following paragraph is from his book: "The Twin Hells," under the head of "Yellow Back Literature." "A boy was brought into the hospital one day while I was there whose history is worth relating, as it shows the fatal effects of bad literature upon the human mind, and to what

sad results it may lead. This youth had become suddenly ill in the mind and had to be assisted from his place of work to a ward for the sick. He was very ill for several days, but began to grow convalescent. An opportunity presented itself. I got into conversation with him, and he told me the history of his crime. He was an orphan. At the death of both his parents in the east he had come to Kansas to make his home with his uncle. This relative was very kind, and after a time adopted the boy. He had a pleasant home, and his prospects for the future were bright. How often is it the case that the sky of the future becomes overcast. This young criminal was a constant reader of the life of Jesse James and kindred literature, until he made up his mind to go on the "war-path" and become Jesse James No. 2. With this in view he provided himself with two large revolvers. One night after all the household had retired he crept stealthily into the bed-room of one of the hired men and stole seventy dollars. He goes to the barn and takes one of his uncle's horses and starts for the Indian Territory. The uncle was awakened an hour later on account of some unusual sound at the barn, and going thither discovered that one of his best horses was gone, and also that his nephew was away. He got together several of his neighbors and started in pursuit, and the next day about noon, the youthful thief was overtaken and surrounded. The uncle rode up to him and began to question him as to his strange conduct, when the boy drew out one of his revolvers, and pointing at his uncle, shot him dead. He was going to play Jesse James to the last. When he saw his uncle fall dead from his horse, now realizing what he had done, the bravado spirit forsook him, and he began to quake with fear. The neighbors closed in upon him and soon took his fire-arms from him. In due time he had his trial and was sent to the penitentiary for life."

BAD books are our worst companions. I have narrated the history of this young murderer, and now urge my boy readers to let yellow back literature alone. It wrecked the future of this youth, and what it did for one it may do for another.

WHAT it done for that boy it has done for thousands of others. Every good book sold, and paper taken, and pamphlet scattered is helping to keep back this flood tide of evil that Satan is using with such success. Push the EVANGELIST, scatter the Bibles, and let no blood be on our garments from failure in duty here.

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.